

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori,
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 3

My Service.

To serve Thee Lord I daily pray.
In faith and love I often say
"Thy will be done." Thou knowest best
To soothe my heart in sorrow's test.

Thy footprints mark the thorny way
For me to tread 'mid Lenten day.
With Crown and Cross I follow Thee
Along the road to Calvary.

When ease doth smile my path to gain
And body faints and limbs complain,
I clothe my soul with strength divine
At Altar rail, at Mary's Shrine.

A thorn I pluck from Jesus' brow
And in its pain my soul learns how
To bear with love each bruise of sense
From fast and prayer and vigilance.

I lift the Cross—Oh burden sweet!
And in its shadow Jesus meet,
An only friend to cheer my way
When sin and snare tempt me to stray.

My service then, Oh Jesus, bless
This Passiontide with holiness.
Each day be Thine, a gift of love,
That links my will with Thine above.

—Charles S. Hoff, C. Ss. R.

A LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY.

DEAR FATHER:—Another consoling experience fell to my lot lately whilst working for the deaf. In this field, one is often more than fully repaid for the slight sacrifices of time and effort given in preparation for the work. The pleasure a priest has in bringing happiness to the foreigner far from home by talking to him in his native tongue, is enjoyed to the fullest extent when he speaks to the deaf in their own language. This refers principally to those deaf that have learned neither the articulation of a limited number of words nor the reading of the lips, also to those that will not or cannot acquire these accomplishments.

You know the foreigner is ever anxious to hear the language of his country, though he can use or learn to use the speech of those amongst whom he lives. However, for the deaf mentioned above, it is always impossible to converse in the spoken language of those around them. Hence, the more interested and grateful they are, when beholding others learn their manner of expressing ideas.

Some Catholic deaf have never seen a priest using the signs. On this account and by reason of much non-Catholic influence, they believe that the deaf have no place in the Catholic Church. When such persons see a sermon in the signs, their delight is great indeed. Now the special occurrence that might interest you is the following:

Because two persons had similar names, a priest was directed to the wrong ward in the City Hospital of New Orleans. Here the nurse undertook to bring him to the patient he sought. Just as he started anew on his search, the priest inquired of the nurse whether there were any deaf persons in the building. "No," replied the nurse, "there were some, but now they are gone." Then after a second thought, she said hesitatingly: "I believe there is in the room we are passing a person who can neither hear nor speak. Yet, I do not see how you can talk to her, since she is blind and seems to know nothing." With some fear that the blind, deaf-mute girl had no knowledge of alphabet or signs, the priest stepped into the room to visit her.

When he saw Honoreine Herbert for the first time, he thought of Laura Bringham. "There she sat, alone, blind, deaf and mute—a fair young creature, having every human faculty, every power of goodness and affection enclosed within her delicate frame, with but one outward

sense, that of touch. There she was before him, built up as it were in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light, to any particle of sound, her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to any good person for help that an immortal soul might be awakened." The soul of Honoree Herbert had been awakened, but those around her knew it not.

Startled when the priest touched her hand, she raised her sightless eyes in mute inquiry and wonder, no doubt thinking that again she was to be impressed with her inability of understanding others and of being understood by them. With a prayer and a hope that she might know the signs, or could be taught them, the priest took her by the wrist and asked her with her own hand, "Can you sign?" The look of intelligence, surprise, and gladness that spread over her features astonished all the bystanders. The soul of Honoree seemed to leap to her face, and almost give sight to the poor blind eyes. Withdrawing her hands, she signed quickly: "Yes, I can sign."

Blind, deaf, mute, poor, alone in the City Hospital, not cared for by her relatives, the story she told the priest with her eloquent hands was sad indeed. Deaf from early childhood, and at school for a short time only, she is unable to write or spell sufficiently to make known her needs. Fortunately, she had learned the sign language before her blindness came on. Though she has forgotten much of it through want of practice since she left school and especially since she lost her eyesight, she still retains sufficient knowledge of the signs for conversing and learning. To understand the priest, Honoree would lay her hands on his, and when she would fail to grasp the sign, he would take her by the wrist and sign with her hands. It was not long, however, before she could readily distinguish the signs by touch.

Honoree had been baptized, and somewhere in the course of her life, a charitable person had taught her the truths of our Holy Faith. A few more instructions were added, and she soon had the happiness of making her first Holy Communion.

Some one has said that, if, after giving up all the world holds dear, and sacrificing youth and years in study and toil to become a priest, he had the happiness to live long enough to baptize one child only, he would consider all his sacrifices abundantly repaid. In the incident above related, the little sacrifice, if it can be called a sacrifice, required to learn the sign language, was more than abundantly rewarded.

D. D. HIGGINS, C. Ss. R.

LIFE-PICTURE.

It was late in March. Slush was under foot, the air was damp with a chilling fog and one could scarcely see twenty feet ahead. The milkwagons scurried by and the shrill voice of the newsboy called out "Chicago Tribune, Record-Herald and American!"

But in spite of all discomforts the poor must go to work. Through fog and slush, past newsboys, a thin, struggling line of workers wended its way to the street car. Down in the morning, back at night, day after day, for weeks, for months, for years. If they fell sick there were others to take their places. They were cast aside as broken parts of the great human machine. Other workers stepped in, the broken parts were forgotten, and the human grind goes on and on with never-ending clock-like regularity.

At No. 507 —— Street dwelt one of these poor working people. The building was a narrow, three-story wooden house of dull, red color. On the ground floor was a grocery store, on the second lived the proprietor of this store, and on the third a working girl and her widowed mother.

In one of the small, dingy rooms on the third floor sat a pale, emaciated girl of nineteen eating her breakfast. A cup of tea, a crust of bread, and a bit of dry cheese composed her meager meal. Her mother hustled about the room, preparing a lunch for her daughter. She was as thin as the child, but more wiry and with all her hurried work, she never ceased to look at the sickly girl and to urge her to eat her breakfast.

"Don't hurry so. You've lots of time. Won't you have some more tea?—No?"

Her mother looked at her anxiously and sorrowfully.

"I must get something for that cold," she said, "I must do it today. I'll get—," she stopped abruptly and her eyes became moist, for she recollects that she had only eighty-seven cents in the house and the girl would need ten cents for carfare.

"Oh, never mind, it will soon be warm weather and then the cough will leave and I'll be better."

Taking her lunch she went down the creaking stairs into the cold, foggy air to take her place again as one of the wheels in the great grinding machine.

At the factory door she entered—one of 320—and was registered by the recorder in the hall. At 7:30 work began, and continued without cessation till noon; then time was given for dinner; after this work was resumed till 5:30.

Her particular work was cutting in the men's clothing department. The damp weather of March had brought on her coughing spells, and to the annoyance caused by the dampness was added that occasioned by the fine, penetrating dust that is often present in a large factory. The overseer had inhumanly reprimanded her for delaying those around her. This day she was coughing almost constantly.

"Miss Margrave," said the overseer to her, "if you don't work as you should I'll discharge you. I'll not stand it any longer. Remember."

The girl almost sobbed aloud, but exerting herself with a heroic effort, she managed to brace up sufficiently to avoid being discharged.

Coming home one evening she met Father —— at the big church at Southport and Lincoln Aves. He was speaking to some workmen. She had seen the priest occasionally, as she had to pass the parish house and church on her way to work, and he always had a kind word for her. She looked up to him as she passed and the priest turning from the men greeted her with a friendly: "Good Evening," that went straight to the poor girl's heart.

It was the first word of true friendship she had heard since leaving home that morning. It greatly gladdened her poor soul, and made her feel that, after all, life could have some soothing balm in it if people would only be kind. She answered "Good Evening," and walked on with a lighter step.

Little did the priest know what an instrument of grace these words were destined to become. But as with him, so with us, the little things we think not of are often the means employed by the Almighty to spread abroad the light of faith and to lead wandering souls back to Him.

As she opened the door of the house, her mother took a bottle from the shelf above the stove.

"There's the medicine," she said joyfully. "I told you I'd get it today. You must take some right away, and then you'll soon be better."

Looking around the room anxiously the girl's quick glance soon told her that there were only three chairs in the room now, where this morning there had been five. She said nothing but she felt her heart

sink as she realized how poor they were fast becoming. Silently she took the medicine her mother held out to her, thanked her sweetly, and then, recollecting the "Good Evening" of the priest, she said:

"Oh, mother, I saw Father —— this evening and he spoke to me. He is the only person, besides you, who ever speaks kindly to me. I don't see how his religion can be bad and wicked as we are told. Anyhow, I know that it hasn't made him bad yet."

"No telling what it may do, my child," said her mother. "Those Catholics aren't to be trusted. I've heard awful stories about priests that don't say anything good about them."

"But mother, do you think all these stories are true? You know people tell lies sometimes. They've told frightful ones even about us, and surely we don't harm any one."

"No, no, my child, God knows we haven't. But these Catholics—" Here she shrugged her shoulders and was silent.

"I don't think we really ought to believe what people say of Catholics. I know some Catholic girls who work in the factory with me, and they're just as good as the other girls. Annie Hanin, a Catholic girl, gave me half of her lunch the other day when I forgot mine. They don't hate us; they can't. I don't believe it, and when I get a chance I'm going to ask Father —— about his religion. I'm sure we can believe him."

Summer came and went; autumn succeeded, with its falling leaves, and chilling fogs. She had been feeling quite well during the summer months, but when the damp weather returned, the cough came with it.

Finally she had to give up her work. The world was fast gliding from her. She was obliged to remain in bed. Her weekly wages ceased. Death from starvation and from cold stared her in the face.

She dreaded death; she knew not what it meant. She had never been taught to look beyond this life to live for something higher and nobler. She had heard several ministers preach, but they had given forth no definite, tangible belief in life beyond the grave.

One morning she called her mother and said: "I would like to see Father ——. Please go and ask him to come and see me. I'm sure he will if you only ask him."

Mrs. Margrave demurred at first, saying that no good could ever come of it; but seeing the earnestness of her daughter, and hoping to please her, she asked the grocer down stairs to go for the priest.

The priest came an hour later.

"Good evening, Madam; you sent for me?"

"Yes, sir."

"What can I do for you? Do you go to St. Alphonsus Church?"

"No sir; but my daughter, who is sick, wanted to see you. She knows you," and the woman led the priest into the sick-room.

He at once recognized in the sick girl the one who used to pass his place so regularly in the summer. He recollects that he had not seen her lately.

"So, my child, it is you," he said, holding out his hand to her. "You look very sick. I know your face, but what is your name?"

"Stella Margrave, Father," answered the girl already feeling better at the kind manner of the priest. "It is so kind of you to come and see me. I was almost afraid to send for you."

"Afraid? Why—are you afraid of me?"

"Oh, no, Father; I didn't mean that. I meant that I didn't like to ask you to come to see me."

"Well, poor girl, what can I do for you? Are you a Catholic?"

"No, Father; mother and I don't belong to any church, but I feel I would like to become a Catholic before I die."

"Very well; but what put such a thing into your head?"

"Oh, Father, you've been so kind to me that I thought if your religion made you so it must be good."

"In what way have I been kind, I can't remember having done anything for you?"

"Indeed you have—don't you remember how I used to pass the church every evening and how you used to say: 'Good Evening' to me each time? Well, that was the one kind word that a stranger spoke to me the livelong day, and when I didn't see you I came home with a heavy heart and could not feel happy."

"I am glad I caused you some little happiness, though it was very little, indeed. But are you sincere in your desire to become a Catholic on this frail reason?"

"Yes, Father, I feel that I could be happier if I were a Catholic like you, and I wish you to tell me about your religion. I've heard some things about Catholics, but I don't see how they can be true. Can I ever become one?"

"You can. Were you ever baptized?"

"No, Father."

"Do you know anything about the Catholic religion?"

"I have heard some things about it. Won't you have time to teach me all," asked the girl looking wistfully at him, for she began to think it would be impossible for him to waste so much time on her.

"Oh, yes, I'm only too glad to do so. I'll come every day to teach you."

"Oh, thank you, Father," said the poor girl, now in tears. "I'm sorry to give you so much trouble."

The priest began to speak of the religion she so longed to know and to make her own. The mother with pinched and hunger-worn face remained and both mother and daughter were attentive listeners to the explanation.

They were the poorest of the poor, no fire in the stove, a broken cup with water to moisten those parched lips, a low truckle bed on which lay the helpless sufferer, two rush-bottom chairs, an unpainted washstand, a narrow strip of bed-side carpet, a table and in one corner a straw mattress—the mother's bed—that was all the furniture.

The clerk down stairs was instructed to keep them supplied with groceries and fuel. The doctor was sent for. It was too late. He gave no hope of recovery.

The young girl rallied, however, under the influence of the food and warmth, and was able to listen while the truths of Faith were unfolded to her mind.

As the cold weather came she grew worse and it was soon evident that she could last but a few days. Accordingly, she was baptized and received her first and last Communion.

"I feel so happy, Father, how sweet you made death for me," she said. Then, suddenly her eyes opened wide and a beautiful smile passed over her face. It faded into marble white—

The priest read the solemn prayers of the Ritual, so majestic and consoling. As the Sacred Unction was applied, as those tender and mercy-breathing words of the church were recited, imploring God's forgiveness for all past sins and frailties, her thin, wasted hands were joined reverently in silent prayer.

When the priest was leaving, she whispered, "Come back, Father, it won't be long now. You have been so good to me. Mother and I had to bear much in our poverty and sickness, but it is worth all these sorrows, and a thousand times more, to be brought so near to God in the end, and, Father—You'll take care of mother when I'm gone?"

How little we know of the ways of God, and how little we know of

the influence we exercise by our simplest words and works of charity upon those we meet.

It is 7:30, eight months since we first saw Stella Margrave going to work. The morning is as damp and foggy as it was then. The door of No. 507 opens and four men appear, carrying a narrow, deal coffin.

Regardless of these, the working people are making their way through the fog, and the newsboy calls out: "Chicago Tribune, Record-Herald, and American."

Grind—grind—grind—the human machine runs on. A wheel has been broken, cast aside, and replaced. But amid all this din and turmoil, amid all this strife and struggle, amid all this human surging to and fro, the Almighty reigns supreme.

The church Stella Margrave passed so often, worn and weary, received her remains within its sacred walls and imparted to them a last blessing.

How many noble-hearted souls there are created by God for a high purpose, but who seem born to suffer and to weep. But outside of the church they must bear their anguish alone. How they envy those who, like the penitent Magdalen, can kneel at the feet of Jesus and hear from His blessed lips the sweet words of pardon and peace. In vain do they listen for that voice calling the "weary and heavy-laden" to comfort and rest, for that voice is only heard within the "Shepherd's Fold."

GEO. A. THOMAS, C. Ss. R.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Semi-Annual Examinations, Jan. 8-15, 1915, St. Joseph's College, Kirkwood, Mo.	99 5-9
H. Ellsworth, St. Mel's, Chicago.	99 4-7
L. Klotz, Carleton, Mich.	99 3-7
P. Etzig, St. Michael's, Chicago.	99 3-8
F. Fegen, St. Alphonsus, Chicago.	99 1-8
L. Sheridan, St. Joseph's, Denver.	99
W. Miller, St. Alphonsus, N. O.	98
A. Huber, St. Alphonsus, Chicago.	98 6-7
E. Fastner, St. Paul, Minn.	98 5-9
A. Froehlich, St. Alphonsus, St. Louis.	98 1-2
G. Kathrein, St. Michael's, Chicago.	98 8-9
E. Meade, Ionia, Mich.	97 6-7
N. Feller, St. Michael's, Chicago.	97 6-7
W. Berberich, St. Joseph's, Denver.	97 6-7
J. Klein, Holy Redeemer, Detroit.	97 6-8
C. Mesman, St. Mary's, Assumption, N. O.	97 5-7
F. McGowan, Trenton, Ill.	97 3-7
L. Romer, San Diego, Cal.	97 3-7
F. Forbes, Holy Redeemer, Detroit.	97 2-8
B. Connally, St. Alphonsus, Grand Rapids.	97 2-8
M. Lorenz, St. Michael's, Chicago.	97 1-9
M. Zeller, St. Michael's, Chicago.	97 1-7
G. Kierdorf, Kensington, Ill.	97 1-7

SORROWFUL MYSTERIES OF THE ROSARY.

(A THOUGHT FOR EACH HAIL MARY.)

I. THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

(1) **The Garden of Olives:** "Jesus came with them into a country place which is called Gethsemani."

(2) **Mortal Dread:** "He began to grow sorrowful and to be sad; and said: 'My soul is sorrowful even unto death'."

(3) **A Pitiful Appeal:** "He fell upon His face, praying: 'My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me'."

(4) **Resignation:** "Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

(5) **Utterly Alone:** "He cometh to His disciples and findeth them asleep."

(6) **The Apostles Warned:** "Watch and pray that you enter not into temptation." (*The Occasions of sin.*)

(7) **Persevering Prayer:** "A second time He went and prayed—and being in an agony, He prayed the longer."

(8) **Jesus' Agony:** "And His sweat became as drops of blood trickling down upon the ground."

(9) **A Heavenly Comforter:** "And there appeared to Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him." (That is, to bear His passion).

(10) **Calm Resolve:** "Jesus therefore knowing all things that should come upon Him, went forth," (to meet His enemies.) (*Our prayers are always heard.*)

II. JESUS IS SCOURGED AT THE PILLAR.

(1) **Pilate's Judgment:** "Pilate went out to the Jews and saith to them: 'I find no cause in Him'."

(2) **Unjust Sentence:** "I will chastise Him, therefore, and release Him."

(3) **The Scourging:** "Then, therefore, Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him."

(4) **Prophecied:** "I have given my body to the strikers, and My cheeks to them that plucked them."

(5) **Feelings Outraged:** "Shame hath covered My face. I am a worm and no man, the reproach of men, the outcast of the people."

(6) **Body Tortured:** "From the sole of the foot to the top of the head there is no soundness in Him."

(7) **Left Friendless:** "And I looked for one that would grieve together with Me, but there was none; for one that would comfort Me, and I found none."

(8) **Man of Sorrows:** "We have thought Him as a leper, and as one struck by God, and afflicted."

(9) **The Father's Justice:** "For the wickedness of My people have I struck Him."

(10) **The Scourge of Sin:** "He was wounded for our iniquities; he was bruised for our offences." *(Especially for sins against purity.)*

III. JESUS IS CROWNED WITH THORNS.

(1) **The Scene:** "The Court of the Palace."

(2) **The Brutal Ruffians:** "Then the soldiers taking Jesus, gathered together unto Him the whole band."

(3) **Their Poor Victim:** "And stripping Him, they put on Him a purple garment."

(4) **The Cruel Crown:** "And plating a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head."

(5) **The Sceptred King:** "And they put a reed in His right hand."

(6) **Mocked!:** "And bowing their knees, they adored Him."

(7) **Derided!:** "And they began to salute Him: Hail, King of the Jews!" (*Silence, when provoked.*)

(8) **Insulted!:** "And they did spit upon Him."

(9) **Outraged!:** "And they took the reed, and struck His head, and gave Him blows." (*Patience, Meekness.*)

(10) **Ecce Homo!:** "Jesus came forth bearing the crown of thorns and the purple garment. . . . And Pilate saith to the people: Behold the man."

IV. THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS TO CALVARY.

(1) **Sentenced to Die:** "Pilate being willing to satisfy the people, delivered up Jesus to be crucified." (*Human Respect.*)

(2) **The Preparation:** "And they took Jesus, and led Him away to crucify Him."

(3) **Setting Out:** "And bearing His own cross, He went forth."

(4) **A Helper:** "They found a man of Cyrene, named Simon, and they laid the cross on him to carry after Jesus."

(5) **The Spectators:** "And there followed Him a great multitude of people." (*His Mother also.—Her fourth Sorrow.*)

(6) **Sympathetic Women:** "And of women who bewailed and lamented Him."

(7) **Jesus' Prophecy:** "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." (*The Fall of Jerusalem.*)

(8) **Criminal Companions:** "And there were also two other malefactors led with Him to be put to death."

(9) **On Calvary's Height:** "And they came to the place that is called Golgotha, which is the place of Calvary."

(10) **Sorrowing Friends:** "And there were also women looking on afar off, among whom was Mary Magdalen, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, and Salome." (*With Jesus' Mother.*)

V. JESUS IS CRUCIFIED AND DIES ON THE CROSS.

(1) **The Crucifixion:** "And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary: they crucified Him there."

(2) **Reputed with the Wicked:** "And with Him they crucify two thieves, the one on His right hand, and the other on His left."

(3) **Reviled and Blasphemed:** "And they that passed by, blasphemed Him, saying: Vah, Thou that destroyest the temple, save Thy own self."

(4) **Jesus Forgives:** "And Jesus said: 'Father forgive them for they know not what they do.'

(5) **The Good Thief:** "'Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom'. Jesus said: 'Amen I say to you, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise'."

(6) **Mother of Sorrows:** "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, His Mother."

(7) **Our Mother:** "Jesus saith to His mother: Behold thy son. To the disciple He said: Behold thy mother."

(8) **Jesus' Thirst:** "Afterwards Jesus knowing that all things were accomplished, said: I thirst." (*For our souls.*)

(9) **Forsaken:** "My God, My God, why hast Thou abandoned Me."

(10) **Death—Redemption!:** "It is consummated. Father into Thy hands I commend My spirit. And bowing His head, He gave up the ghost."

To comply with the request of many of our readers we print the above five sorrowful mysteries together in this Lenten number. For an explanation of this method of saying the Rosary, see *Liguorian*, Vol. II, page 530.

FATHER TIM CASEY

There was rejoicing in the house of Desmond!

I do not mean that all the unnumbered scions of that royal line were simultaneously jubilant. No, I refer to the material house of one Michael Desmond, who had, a year ago, led to the altar the eldest of the four Kissane girls.

In the house of the said Michael Desmond there was rejoicing! Father Casey hastened to call. It was not a matter of choice; it was sheer necessity. Well the good Priest knew that he would go down unpardoned into his own grave were he to shirk that call or give the slightest hint in word or action that there had ever been such cause for rejoicing in this world before.

When he reached the house, Grandma Kissane was there; and Aunt Agnes Kissane and Aunt Alice Kissane and Aunt Kitty Kissane were there. He was promptly seized and hurried into a large, clean, airy room, where he saw, half smothered in embroidered muslins of wonderful design, the little creature that was the unconscious cause of all this joy—the little creature that had made Madame Kissane a grandma, and Agnes, Alice, and Kitty, aunts. Michael Desmond sat at the head of the bed—he dared not venture out of the house and brave the raillery provoked by the proud grin that, despite all his efforts to restrain it, would break out on his face every few minutes. Grandpa Kissane on the contrary was behaving quite differently; he was court ing publicity. He had visited more friends and treated more strangers

within the last twenty-four hours than he had ever done since he ran for alderman on the Democratic ticket thirty years ago.

While six several voices demanded in one breath whether the little red, puckered, blinking face set in embroidered muslin did not bear a striking resemblance to each and every one in the whole Desmond-Kissane connection, Father Casey looked down at the happy mother and said in his heart: Will the day ever come when even you, gentle Mary Desmond, will look upon motherhood as a disgrace and children as a burden to be shunned, even at the cost of breaking God's and nature's laws?

Then, noting the interest of the three young ladies, he said aloud:

"I suppose the burning question of the hour is: Which of the Aunts will be sponsor?"

"Please, Father, what do you mean—godmother?"

"As usual, my child, I mean what I say. What you call in modern English, *godmother*, and in old English, *gossip*, and which means a spiritual relation, in Latin we call *sponsor*, because she *spondet*, that is, promises, in the name of the child, or *fidejussor*, because she stands security for the fidelity of the child, or again, *susceptor*, because she *suscipit*, that is, receives, the child from the baptismal fount. Who is going to have the honor?"

"I am, Father!" came simultaneously from Agnes, Alice, and Kitty.

"See, Father Tim, the problem we have on our hands!" laughed Mrs. Kissane. "Come, girls, Father Casey is going to decide which of you will be godmother, and don't let me hear a word of grumbling after he has made his choice."

"Let us first see," said the Priest, assuming a judicial air, "whether they are all eligible. Perhaps you are not aware that there are certain persons whom the Church excludes from the office of sponsor."

The girls were sobered on the instant.

"Who, Father?" they asked anxiously.

"First of all you are excluded if you are not baptized or if you are publicly excommunicated or interdicted, if you are an infidel, a heretic or Protestant, a Freemason, or a notorious criminal."

"Oh, Father!"

"You are likewise excluded if you do not know the fundamental doctrines of the Catholic Religion."

"That hits Agnes," cried Kitty. "She has forgotten the little catechism she ever knew."

"You are excluded too if you have not yet attained to the use of reason."

"That hits Kitty," said Agnes. "She is fourteen, but she has not a particle more sense than when she was a baby."

"Besides this," continued the Priest, "Monks and Nuns with solemn vows are excluded, married women who have not the consent of their husbands, as well as parents in regard to their own children."

"What is the precise reason why the persons you have just enumerated are excluded?" asked Mrs. Kissane.

"The Church," said Father Casey, "requires sponsors in order to have additional security for the Christian upbringing of the child. She therefore excludes parents from this office, because they are already bound by a higher law to instruct their children, and hence their becoming sponsors would give no additional security. She excludes married women, whose husbands are opposed, as well as Monks and Nuns, because they are not free to leave their monastery, their convent, or their home to attend to this work; she excludes infidels, Protestants, etc., because they are incapable of performing this duty properly."

"Father," interposed Michael, "I know a young fellow—a Protestant—and he claims that he is godfather for one of his brother's children. His brother is a convert."

"I think I can explain that, Michael. Ignorant parents sometimes choose a Protestant. If the Priest judges that it would cause serious misunderstanding to interfere, he may sometimes allow the Protestant to assist, not as godfather but as a witness."

"How can you let him stand there as a witness without his becoming godfather in spite of you?" asked Kitty.

"Simply by taking care that he does not hold or touch the child while you are saying the words, 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost'. Whoever does not hold or touch the child at that time does not become a godparent."

"Why, Father," said Mrs. Kissane, "when Kitty was baptized, her Uncle Pat stood for her, and him five thousand miles away in the old country at the time. Father Dan, the Lord have mercy on him, said it was all right."

"Oh, Mrs. Kissane, that's quite another thing. That is what we call standing sponsor 'by proxy'. In order to become Kitty's godfather without leaving Ireland it was necessary for Uncle Pat to appoint, or empower you to appoint, someone who was present at the Baptism to

hold or touch the child in his name. The person thus appointed is called a proxy. Accordingly Uncle Pat became godfather by proxy."

"Suppose we had someone hold the baby in Uncle Pat's name, and told him about it only afterwards. If Uncle Pat then approved of what we had done would he be Kitty's godfather?"

"No," said Father Casey, "that would not do, and Kitty, sadly as she needs some one to attend to her Christian bringing up, would be godfatherless."

"Father," said Kitty, quite unabashed at the terrible indictment conveyed by the Priest's words, "you have not said which of us will be godmother."

"Before I decide I want you to understand well what follows on your becoming godmother. First of all you have the obligation of doing all in your power to give the child a Catholic education in case the parents should neglect to do so. Secondly, you contract spiritual relationship with the child and the child's father."

"What does spiritual relationship mean?"

"It means," said the Priest, "that you could not validly marry either of them."

"Could I marry the fellow I stood up with?" asked Agnes.

"Well," said Father Casey, "I am not sufficiently well informed to answer that question. But this much I will say, if you can induce him to have you, the Church will place no obstacle in the way."

"Good for Aggie! Good for Aggie!" cried Kitty clapping her hands with glee.

"Kitty," said the married sister, "you saucy child, if you say another word I'll strike you off the list of candidates."

"I'll slip into the Church and be godmother anyway," said irrepressible Kitty.

"That's where you make a mistake, my lady," said Father Casey; "you cannot validly become sponsor without the consent of the parents."

"Why not make a compromise," suggested Kitty, who feared a decision in favor of one of her elder sisters, "and let all three of us be godmothers; sometimes you see three bridesmaids at a wedding."

"You are proposing something that is forbidden by the Church," returned the Priest. "It would be a sin to have even two godfathers or godmothers, let alone three; it would be a venial sin if they were of

the same sex as the child, a mortal sin if they were of the opposite sex."

"Why is the Church so strict?"

"Because such a mode of procedure would multiply unnecessarily spiritual relationships and thus lessen the chances of marriage for those implicated."

"A serious consideration for my older sisters," murmured Kitty demurely.

The scolding which she had so richly deserved was about to break out on Kitty's offending head when Michael interposed.

"Whose place is it, Father," he asked, remembering from his experience as a server in bygone days that there was no uniform practice on the point, "Whose place is it to make an offering to the Priest on the occasion of a Baptism—the father's or the godfather's?"

"Why, Michael, that is like putting the question, 'If two men were to fall into the river, which of the two would get wet?'" said Father Casey.

C. D. MCENNIRY, C. Ss. R...

THE FIRST MULTIPLICATION OF LOAVES— A BIBLE STUDY.

ST. JOHN, VI, 1-15.

In the entire Gospel history, this is the only miracle recorded by all four Evangelists (Mt. XIV, 13-21. Mc. VI, 32-44. Lc. IX, 10-17). Its importance for us lies in the fact that it shows us how Our Lord prepares the minds of men for His mysteries. On the following Sabbath, He will make the Promise of the Eucharist, in the synagogue of Capharnaum; His hearers will wonder how it is possible that all men could eat of His Flesh; this miraculous multiplication of the loaves will give them reason enough to trust in His Power. That is why we see this scene so often painted in our churches; even in the dark Catacombs and among the martyrs' graves we meet it.

The Source of the Miracle, His Sacred Heart, 1-4. Arches of Triumph usually rest on two pillars: labor and suffering. So too the Blessed Sacrament, which is the triumph of Our Lord's incomprehensible love, is everywhere supported by labor and by suffering, even when only the Promise of it is made. *The time.* St. John is very brief: "After these things, etc." After which things? Well, glance over the foregoing chapter, and you will see that Our Lord was in Jerusalem then, for "the" feast of the Jews, which in all probability is the Feast of Easter. Then turn to our chapter and in verse 4, you will notice that Easter is at hand again. Therefore St. John omitted a full year—from the second Easter in Our Lord's public life until the third. The next Easter will be the eve of His death. To find out those things we must look over to the other three Gospels, which are called the Synoptic Gospels; they give us many details

for that year. We need know only the very last of these details. St. Matthew says: "At that time Herod the Tetrarch heard the fame of Jesus; and he said to his servants: This is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead, and therefore mighty works show forth themselves in him." Now you know that story well enough, so look down to the end of it: "Which when Jesus had heard, he retired from thence by boat, etc." St. Luke supplies a significant clue about Herod's relations to Our Lord at this time: "And he so sought to see him." Our Lord and St. John were fast friends and kindred spirits, if we may use such terms of the Godman; and Herod was not content with half measures. So the shadow of the cross was falling over His way, and He fled. But more. St. Mark tells us that during the weeks immediately preceding our event, the Apostles had been sent out by Our Lord to preach through the towns and villages and just now they were coming back to Him: "and related all the things that they had done and taught. And He said to them: Come apart into a desert place and rest a while." Now does not that show you Our Lord in a beautiful light? How kind of Him to urge His servants to take a little rest! But He himself—what was He doing in the meantime? How did the Apostles find Him occupied? Just read St. Mark: "There were many coming and going; and they had not so much as time to eat." He was busy at work then. And yet it was the glorious Easter feast, close at hand. All circumstances tally with it. For verse 10 states that "there was much grass in the place". Now this cannot last long, for when the sun shines hotter it soon withers and vanishes. Besides the other Gospels tell us that as they were crossing the lake that night a severe storm overtook them; then judging from the direction toward which their boat was driven, the wind must have been blowing from the north. This too points to springtime, for in the warmer periods, the winds blow from the south. We might even go further and suspect that the day was a Thursday. For the rest of the chapter from v. 25 till the end gives a long discourse which Our Lord delivered in the synagogue of Capernaum. Now we know it was on Sabbaths that he used to teach there: "And he went into the synagogue according to his custom on the Sabbath day." Luke, IV, 16. Then according to v. 22 of this chapter, only one day at the most could lie between the day of the miracle and the Sabbath. *The place.* "And Jesus went over the sea of Galilee which is that of Tiberias." Probably the Apostles assembled in Capharnaum, where Our Lord resided so often that it came to be called "His" city. The Sea of Galilee is really a fresh-water lake. It measures about 13 miles in length from north to south and seven miles at the greatest width. At the northern end of the lake, but on the eastern bank of the Jordan, lies a small plain about four miles long and two broad. Being within the province of Gaulonitis it lay beyond the jurisdiction of Herod; hence was a safe retreat. It is not a desert in the strict sense of the word; travellers even praise its fertility. It is watered by three streams whose banks are fringed with flowering oleanders. At present, the ruins along the northern rim prove that villages once dotted the hillsides which enclose the plain. The scene of the miracle must have been rather toward the southern end of it. *The crowds* who followed Him are better described in St. Mark: "They ran, flocking thither on foot, from all the cities; and were there before Him." Some may have learned of His intended departure by the preparations which the disciples were making; or they may have inquired of them. Besides they had a straight and easy route: for the road led along the lake and then crossed the Jordan by a convenient bridge. But a bridge was scarcely necessary: for at that point the Jordan is only a narrow brook that could easily be forded. At most they had a distance of about four miles to make. Whereas the boat had to make a wide detour because the shore deepens only very gradually; and is shallow for a great distance out into the lake. Then too the wind was already rough and squally and driving them out into the sea. St. John says that it was a "great multitude" that followed Him. He gives two explanations of this. First: "they saw the miracles which He did". And the impression was deepened by the fact that the apostles had just returned from their mission tour round the country; they too had worked many wonders; and so the news of His marvellous powers must have spread everywhere and rumors were on every tongue. Next: "the Pasch was near at hand". Jews were accustomed to spend this feast in the Holy City; they came from great distances; and the roads were crowded with

long caravans. It is only natural that many of them should now meet in Capernaum. The very fact that they made such sacrifices for the feast shows that they were sincere and religious minded and many of them may really have been anxious about the Messias and yearned to know more about Christ. *The meeting* between Our Lord and this multitude is passed over by St. John. Then let us peep into St. Mark's Gospel again for he has preserved a delicate trait of Our Lord's lovely character: "And Jesus going out saw a great multitude and He had compassion on them because they were as sheep not having a shepherd". His Heart is not cold and unsympathetic; just the contrary: it is the fountain whence miracles of mercy incessantly flow. He had come to this lonely spot to seek a little rest. Now will He put them off to another time? Eagerly they cluster around Him as he steps from the boat. And St. Luke tells us that "He received them"; that is, He welcomed them and consented to their wishes; "and spoke to them of the kingdom of God"; though exhausted Himself, He now forgets all weariness at sight of their needs; "and He healed them who had need of healing"; so the mystery of the Eucharist grows distinct; for the world ever remains a desert and man ever in need.

Our poverty wins pity, 5-13. One day He had spoken to the admiring crowds: "Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into barns, and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not you of much more value than they?" In our little purblind, self-willed fancies we sometimes doubt it. But if we only made the least effort to fathom the mysteries of love that lie within the Sacred Host, our doubts would turn to love.

The need of food. So Our Lord had labored on from early morn; He did not notice how the time had passed. And now Sts. Matthew and Mark point out that the day was far spent and that it was evening. Most of the people had left their homes on the impulse of the moment; they had made no provisions for so long a stay on the lonely field. Others had helped in conveying their sick slowly and laboriously over quite a distance. All had listened to His instructions throughout the entire day. No wonder that the apostles now grow uneasy. At first they may have talked the matter over among themselves. Now they come to Our Lord and whisper the misgivings they entertain. St. Matthew has noted their anxieties. "This is a desert place"; and perhaps their glance and gestures sweep over the plain to make it clear that no food could be gotten there; and "the hour is now past"; the day for work is over now and the hour when they should have been sent home is long gone by; "send away the multitudes, that going into the towns, they may buy themselves victuals". That is good sense, you will say; yes, and it is human pity too. Just send them away and let them take care of themselves as best they can. Not so the Heart of Our Lord! We have seen His compassion aroused early in the morning, His love at work all through the day; He will be true to Himself now also. Just listen. "But Jesus said to them: they have no need to go; give you them to eat." We ought to admire the tenderness that leads Him to accept all the responsibility for Himself; but instead, we may be startled at His command. There is no reason for it; and the Apostles should have understood. Just recall that scene in Matthew X, 18, where He bade them work still greater wonders: "Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse lepers, cast out devils; freely have you received, freely give." And His orders had become palpable facts, for St. Luke records in IX, 6: "And going out they went about through the towns preaching the Gospel and healing everywhere." He may have scanned their countenances with a significant look; but they did not understand. He was preparing their minds for a miraculous food. But the miracle must be brought home to them, clearly and undeniably. *The apostles are without resources, 5-7.* Here St. John again takes up the narrative: "When Jesus therefore had lifted up His eyes, and seen that a very great multitude cometh to Him, He said to Philip: 'Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?'" The apostles were sorely perplexed. Their thoughts were entangled in a hopeless search for human means. They thought

of buying. At first glance it might appear as if Our Lord were yielding to their suggestion. But no: He is trying to purify their minds of earthly plans and raise them to the sublimer plane of His own. To give us the produce of our sordid works would be a paltry gift: He wants to give us the best produce of Heaven; the masterpiece of miracles. Here is the real drift of his question: "And this he said to try him, for He Himself knew what He would do." Only four times does St. Philip play a special role in Gospel events; and always with special profit for our faith. When called to the faith and apostolate, he straightway wins his friend Nathanael also. When, according to St. John XII, 20, certain gentiles come to see Our Lord, they first address themselves to Philip; then follows the beautiful lesson of the seed that must fall into the ground and there die ere it bring forth fruit; then the voice from heaven startles the crowds around. In XIV, 8, his question elicits the promise of most wonderful powers: "Amen, amen, I say to you, he that believeth in me, the works that I do, he also shall do and greater than these shall he do". So we must look for a good lesson here, when Philip answers: "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them that everyone may take a little". This must have been disappointing to Our Lord. He was thinking of miracles and Philip was counting the wretched coins of earth. Bread was baked every day for family use; and though bakers' shops were known yet they were not near so common or so well supplied as nowadays; hence it seems that this alone made the purchase of such quantities impossible. But Philip saw a more fundamental difficulty, the wherewith! Some imagine that he was the banker for Our Lord's little company and now gave the sum total of all their resources. It would rather seem as if he were making the lowest estimate of the expense and insinuating at the same time, that even this lowest figure was beyond their reach. At any rate, it was woefully inadequate. For it amounted to about 40 dollars in our money; so each one of the 5,000 men would get only the fraction of one cent; and then what would the uncounted groups of women and children have? It was only too clear: the apostles could not meet the emergency by natural means; *but what of the crowds?* 8-9. St. Mark again supplies some interesting details: "And He saith to them: How many loaves have you? Go and see. And when they knew, they say: five, and two fishes". This was their last hope. Of course they already knew in a general way that the people were unprovided; but when they are told to make special inquiries it brings out the miracle with greater vividness. Then too we can realize the motives for that burst of frenzied gratitude which follows on our scene. St. John merely states the results of their search: "Andrew, the brother of Simon Peter saith to Him: there is a boy here that hath five barley loaves and two fishes; but what are these among so many?" It may have been a shepherd boy with his lunch for the day; or it may have been one of the crew of Peter's boat. The bread was coarse: only barley bread. Barley was food for animals, as we read in I Kings, IV, 28, where Solomon's stables are described: "They brought barley also and straw for the horses." Barley bread was the fare of only the very poorest; eaten in times of famine, when reduced to last extremities. Then too the quantity was so trifling. The loaves were only round cakes like flat stones; about a span in diameter and a finger's breadth in thickness. Each weighed about one-fourth of a pound; and Luke XI, 5, suggests that three such loaves were required for the meal of one person. The fish may have been of the kind caught in immense quantities here; they were small; were dried and salted; together with bread, this was the staple food. Such may have been Our Lord's daily fare, as the poorest laborer! The scantiness of their supplies did not disconcert Him. But what really pained Him was the concluding remark of His apostle: "But what are these among so many?" They were still blind to His purpose. Again they deserve the reproach given in St. Luke IX, 41: "O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you and suffer you?" And this lack of intelligence and sympathy when He was laying in train His darling gift to man, the gift of Himself in the Eucharist; "He knew what he would do". Men might have been embittered by such persistent indifference, but Our Lord's sweet patience only proceeds to the greatest and most undeserved of favors.

Pity rouses omnipotent Love. St. Matthew adds that He desires

the loaves and fishes brought to Him: "Bring them hither to Me." Either the boy received a small coin for his provender, or it belonged to the outfit of the boat; in either case, Our Lord can now dispose of it.

The preparations, v. 10. Then he bids all be seated. St. Luke describes it: "Make them all sit down by fifties, in a company." Thus two companies would make one hundred, and then it was easy to count them at a glance. Such an arrangement also made it much easier for the Apostles to serve them. It also speaks strongly in favor of Our Lord's preference for order and regularity in all things. We may imagine the wonderment, first of the Apostles and then also of the crowds. However, they were accustomed to miracles now and His word had force enough to overcome all their lurking doubts. Some may even have vaguely recalled the passage in 4 Kings, IV, 42-44, where the prophet Eliseus distributed 20 barley loaves among 100 men. And his servant murmured: "How much is this that I should set it before 100 men!" Yet all ate of it and there was some left over. The thoughts of many may have wandered back to those scenes in the desert when God sent down His manna on their famishing fore-fathers. Others called to mind the prophet Elias in the dreary wilderness by the brook of Carith where the raven brought him bread and meat; or in the desert, lying exhausted under the juniper tree where he prayed that his soul might die; but an angel brought him the bread in the strength of which he walked for 40 days unto the mount of God. *The actual multiplication in 11-13.* All eyes were intently riveted on Him now, as He stood or sat in full view of all on the slight eminence from which He had been teaching the crowds. Intently they followed His every motion; this we notice from the detailed account of St. Matthew: "And looking up to heaven He blessed and brake, and gave the loaves to His disciples." This was not merely the prayer which the father of the family was wont to recite before meals: "Blessed art thou, Jehova, King of the world, who hast made this bread to grow on the earth." His words were instinct with the irresistible power of His divinity, just as when he spoke at the dawn of creation: "Let the earth bring forth the green herb, and such as may seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind." Science has wearied itself in its vain efforts to portray the richness and luxuriance of that first vegetation which answered God's command. Poetry has dwelt fondly on visions of Paradise with its tree of Life. But Our Lord's words at the moment transport us to the Last Supper which will follow exactly a year from this event. We are surprised at the resemblance: "He took bread, and blessed and broke and gave to his disciples." We cannot miss the allusion. It would appear that the miracle of the multiplication was wrought in the very hands of the disciples themselves; for St. Matthew says so definitely that Our Lord only blessed and broke and then gave "the loaves" to his apostles; hence gave the loaves which He had received. The apostles then distribute them to the people. And what must have been the amazement of all as they see the few loaves being ever distributed and never an end coming to their tiny quantity. They must have strained their eyes and scrutinized it all the more closely as their turn was drawing nearer. They may have reminded each other of the story they all had read in the Book of Kings; how the widow of Saraphta had been so kind to the prophet Elias in times of famine; and how she was rewarded with the promise: "The pot of meal shall not waste, nor the cruse of oil be diminished, until the day wherein the Lord shall give rain upon the face of the earth". Everywhere we see imprinted the seal and trace of His eucharistic love; so lavish and so generous. He gave to all "as much as they would". He gave so that "all were filled". Then gave so much that He must have the disciples gather the remnants "lest they be lost". It was bread and should not be wasted; it was the bread of miracle and bore such intimate relation to the Eucharist. The baskets are some such as were usually carried by Jews when travelling; especially when making their way through Samaria for thus they could be sure of food that was legally pure. More was left over at the end than they had at the commencement. Perhaps the apostles took their supper of the remnants that night and distributed the remainder among the poor next day. At all events they had the proofs of the miracle with them and could not resist the mute eloquence that spoke from

them; and all through the night they had ample time to reflect on it. Thus they had good reason to believe Him when He would promise to multiply His own body in the Eucharist.

Miracle of unselfish Love, 14-15. St. John now records the impression made on the minds of all. It did not burst forth suddenly: in all probability His wonders were the main subject of conversation throughout the day; and now while they were eating this miraculous food and recalling the scenes of the past in which God had honored His prophets by similar wonders, it was only natural that they should come to regard Him as a prophet authorized by God.

Now when the fragments have been collected, there is a commotion in the crowd; they move toward Our Lord as the waves of the lake driven in the wind. Now the air is rent by the shouts: "This is of a truth the prophet that is to come into the world". So far they were quite correct; but they drew a false conclusion and were planning an application that was entirely wrong. In their eyes the Messias must come as a mighty conqueror. He was to free the Jews from all oppression as once Moses set them free from Egyptian bondage. He was to found a worldwide empire in which all nations of earth would serve the Jews. Such dreams of earthly glory were far from the mind of our Lord; He had scorned them when offered in the desert by the prince of this world; He had often corrected His friends when they entertained similar notions; probably the crowds were well acquainted with His aversion to such a course and hence they resolved to compel Him now. "Jesus, therefore, when He knew that they would take Him by force and make Him king, fled again into the mountain Himself alone." They saw this countless throng assembled; they knew that the Easter Feast would add still more numerous masses of enthusiastic Israelites; they knew that this feast which commemorated their liberation from Egypt would fire the minds of all with heroic devotion for their nation and Messias; they knew that now they possessed a wonderworker, as great as their leaders of yore. So they thought that the right moment had come. So they would "force" him to take the lead. But that Sacred Heart which had devised for Himself the utter lowliness of the Host and preferred the humility of our tabernacles, and dreamed only of multiplying His single death on Calvary by the unending sacrifice of the Mass, fled from such offers as theirs. He sent His apostles away by boat. He Himself retires into the mountain to pray; to pray for the poor men in that field who might one day join in His crucifixion; to pray for His apostles; to pray for us, too. Note, he retired "again". How often had he done so before! And then "alone". Truly many a day and many a year, was He alone in another mountain, alone in the lonely Tabernacle, praying for us, while we forgot Him.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

CHARITY IS NOT PUFFED UP.

A proud person is like a toy balloon, filled with air and gaudily painted. It seems to be something great; and yet all its greatness lies in the air that puffs it out. Just one prick of a needle and all its greatness is over.

He who loves God, is humble; he is not elated at seeing any worth in himself; for he also sees clearly enough that whatever good he pos-

sesses is only the gift of his God; and he is conscious that of his own, he has only nothingness and sin.

Hence it is quite logical that he should humble himself all the more when he considers the favors which God lavished on him in spite of his own unworthiness.

St. Teresa received many special favors and graces from God. This did not turn her head. She said: "God treats me as men treat a house that is on the point of toppling over; they prop it up with heavy beams." It is a good lesson for us. When we see that God has been particularly kind to us, we need not imagine that God wishes to reward our special merit. We ought rather bow our heads in humility and kiss the hand which caresses us in our weakness and saves from a fall.

Were we ungrateful enough to turn God's favors into an occasion of personal vanity, we would richly deserve to forfeit them entirely.

Two things are needed to preserve a house: solid foundations and a secure roof. In the same way, the edifice of our virtues must rest on the deep and well-set foundation of genuine humility, which is firmly convinced that of ourselves alone we are worth nothing. Its roof must be the constant providence of God in which we put all our confidence.

It is recorded in the life of St. Margaret of Cortona that Our Lord one day appeared to her in a vision. She was so overcome with grateful wonder that she exclaimed: "Is it possible that you forget all my sins; and that you repay my insults by such unheard of favors?" Then Our Lord answered: "When a soul really loves God and sincerely repents of ever having offended Him, then God on His part forgets all her offences." Just this is what He once promised in the words of the prophet Ezekiel: "But if the wicked do penance . . . I will not remember all his iniquities." In proof of his earnestness he showed her a high throne which he had prepared for her in heaven in the midst of the seraphim.

O that we could only comprehend the value of true humility! A single act of humility is worth more in God's eyes than all the riches of the world.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

A new movement is on foot in Europe whereby the people are enabled to assist with better understanding and more devotion at Holy Mass. The whole congregation makes the responses, commonly made by the Acolytes in the name of the people, and they join with the Priest in the recitation of the Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Agnus Dei, etc.

GOGARTY MAKES A TEN-STRIKE.**I.**

June had trouble enough finding that little "cullud boy". He searched among his many friends and acquaintances for a couple of hours before his efforts met with any reward. At last he got a scent and finally ran down his quarry. The boy's mammy was flattered to death at the unexpected honor thrust upon her "chile" of going to pay a visit to Mr. Maloney, the merchant prince; but no inducement of June could persuade her to allow her "chile" to go at such a late hour, though she promised to have him there by eight the next morning. She was true to her word, and, on the stroke of eight, she came ringing the door-bell, with her boy shining like polished ebony. Mr. Maloney took the boy into the library and put him through a quiz, but the poor "chile" was so completely overawed by the grandeur of his surroundings that he trembled in every limb and could scarcely utter a word. So the hope of getting any additional information fell to the ground. As Father Stanton had predicted, a black-hand letter arrived in the nine o'clock mail delivery. It ran as follows: "Mr. Terence Maloney. Dear Sir: This is to inform you that your son is in good hands, unharmed. We don't wish to harm him. All we want is the tin. On Thursday night, at ten o'clock, we shall expect you to deliver the goods, namely, ten thousand dollars. That's a small potato for you. Put the aforesaid amount, in one hundred dollar bills, in the old cypress stump you will find in Ogden Forest, one hundred yards southwest of the covered bridge. Place the money in the tin box you will find in the stump, lock the box securely and drop the key. We'll do the rest. The boy will then be returned to you unharmed, as soon as (on account of the distance) we can get him to you, about three days. Keep faith with us, and we'll keep faith with you. Mention this to no one. Come, personally, alone, with the money. If the least thing happens to cause us to suspect that you have any confederates watching, your portion will be four loads of buckshot. And we promise you that you will never see your boy again. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Yours in haste,

THE BIG FOUR.

The letter was typewritten; also the address, and it came in an ordinary stamped envelope with the Pulaski postmark. After the

receipt of this letter, Mr. Maloney sat like one stunned. He read it again and again. Mingled emotions of joy, anger and a certain humiliation surged through his soul, and expressed themselves upon his features. He was glad that the boy was unharmed. He was angry at the colossal effrontery of the kidnappers. He hated, more than words can express, to lay down ten thousand dollars in a lump. He felt humiliated on being forced to pay such a sum, at the nod of four consummate scoundrels; for he knew, that if it came to the scratch, he would certainly pay it: yea, he would give up every cent he had in the world rather than not get the boy back. Should he tell his wife and the girls? What effect would it have on his wife? And Uncle Stanhope? Knowing his love for Willie, he greatly feared that that honest soul would flare up in fine indignation and march half the town out to capture the robbers. And he himself would get four loads of buckshot. Certainly, not a pleasant prospect. On the other hand, the kidnappers could hardly escape. They would certainly fail in running such a gauntlet, and so would be captured. But, what good would that do him, with ten ounces of lead in his brain? And the boy—they would cut his throat, out of revenge. So, he paced back and forth, for an hour, in the library, with his hands behind his back, his brow knit with thought. At last, he did what most good Catholics do in similar circumstances. He put on his hat and hurried to lay his burden on the shoulders of the Priest, the unfailing friend.

"Read that," he said, as the housekeeper ushered him into Father Horrell's study. "Tell me what you think I ought to do."

Father Horrell himself looked worried and depressed. The trouble of any one of his parishioners was always his trouble too, their joy, his joy. He adjusted his glasses and read through the letter carefully and deliberately.

"Can you raise ten thousand dollars easily?" he asked.

"Yes, I can," replied Mr. Maloney, "but it will take all my available cash, and the rest I'll have to borrow."

"I would advise you, then," went on the Priest, "to follow out their instructions to the letter. I think, in the end, you would get most of that money back. The main thing is to get Willie returned. After that, you can bend every energy to capture the villains and force them to disgorge. Such men betray themselves sooner or later. As a rule, they drink and hang around saloons, and you know, 'When wine is in, wit is out'. Then, besides, such fellows are desperate. They would as

lief cut Willie's throat as look at him, if you refuse to pay. It belongs to their code to fulfil threats."

"Yes," acquiesced Mr. Maloney, "I reckon that's the only thing to be done. The posse will return tonight or tomorrow. We'll see what news they will bring. Anyway, I have all day tomorrow to get the money together."

But the good Lord had most unexpectedly raised a friend who could throw some light on the affair.

II.

About the time that Mr. Maloney was conferring with Father Horrell, on Wednesday morning, Dr. Joseph Gogarty picked up his hat, and telling the head-nurse that he would soon return, with a rapid step he started for 'Mike's Place', to take a little nip and just modestly, in the back room, indulge his bibulous propensity. Sad to say, the doctor's visits to this same back room were becoming more and more frequent. He had turned into Gumbo Alley and was already fumbling in his pocket for the key of the back gate when he noticed a little girl in red skirt and blue sacque, her hair flying in the wind, half running, half dancing up the alley towards him. He paused and awaited the child's approach, wondering at the somewhat strange apparition. He had never, in his many visits, noticed any child in 'Gumbo Alley'. As the child fluttered along, quite unconscious of his presence, singing softly to herself, the doctor suddenly stepped before her.

"Hello! little girl, whither are you going in such a hurry?" smiling genially.

The child stopped abruptly, somewhat startled, then bashfully answered:

"I'se doin' to see Miss Dwace."

"Miss Grace, what Miss Grace?"

"Miss Dwace Maloney," said the child.

"What do you want to see Miss Grace Maloney about?" pursued the doctor whose curiosity was now thoroughly aroused.

"Huh!" snapped Father Johnson, "the little one should have told him it was none of his business."

"Of course, of course," said the Missionary, "if you had been in her place, that's what you would have said."

"Indeed, I most certainly would."

"Well," said the Missionary, "children are unsophisticated, and are thus often imposed on."

"Ise doin' to see Miss Dwace, 'cause I know where Willie is."

"What!" exclaimed the doctor. "How could you know that, a little mite like you?"

"'Tause I seed de men what took him," and the child darted past the doctor and made for the mouth of the alley.

"No, you don't," cried the doctor, "come here," and before the child could reach the street, the doctor had grabbed her. 'Twas only the work of an instant to swing the child upon his arm and carry her kicking and struggling to the gate, unlock it, and hurry up the walk to the little back room and deposit her whimpering on the round table, whose acquaintance we have already made.

"Now, tell me about Willie. I want to know where he is."

With marvelous quickness, the doctor had taken in, at a glance, all the possibilities of such a piece of information, and he was determined to wrest the secret, *nolens volens*, from the child.

"I don't like you, I wants to see Miss Dwace. Willie's her brudder. He ain't your brudder," whimpered the child.

"Yes, indeed," said the doctor, "I am Willie's brother, (at least, I hope to be)," (*sotto voce*). "And I want to know what has become of him."

"Here," producing a dime from his vest-pocket, "here's a dime for you to buy some candy."

"I don't want no candy. I wants Miss Dwace," and she made an effort to wriggle off the table. But the doctor, finding bribes of no use, had recourse to threats.

"Look here now, if you don't tell me where Willie is, I'll give you a good beating. And what's worse, I'll take you down and throw you under the train. And, after that, I'll throw you in the river. Come, now, tell me at once."

These dire threats pronounced in tones of thunder, were so fearful, and the doctor's countenance exhibited such ferocity, that the child trembled with fear and sobbingly told him all.

Mary Mulvey, five years old, one of Grace's protegees, a perfect little will-o-the-wisp, was a strong, hardy child, very precocious for her age and ubiquitous. Mrs. Mulvey, something of an invalid and deeply worried over the condition of her inebriate husband, was incapable of managing her children. Little Mary, as innocent of wrong as a babe, ran hither and yon in every direction, and often penetrated fearlessly deep into Odgen Forest in search of wild flowers and fruits in their

season. So it happened on this Tuesday afternoon that she had strayed down the River Road, across the Covered Bridge, and into the forest, looking for the early blossoms. At last, with her lap full, she had seated herself on a little mossy knoll and leaning her head against a young cedar had fallen fast asleep. She slept the profound, dreamless sleep of weariness and childhood. The noise of the approaching auto had aroused her, and, terrified, she had crept under the bushes only a few yards from the kidnappers, and had witnessed every move of the transfer and heard every word they uttered. She recognized Willie at once, for he had often driven Grace down to the Mulvey's with Billy Buttons. The doctor listened with the utmost satisfaction, as the child told him, with many fearsome glances, how the two men had taken Willie blindfolded out of the auto and had whistled; and how a big man, awfully ugly, had come and taken Willie towards the lake; and how, with terror, she had fled home as fast as her little feet could carry her; and how her mother had slapped her for being out so late and how she wanted to tell Miss Grace.

"Very well," chuckled the doctor, "I'll tell Miss Grace all about it. I'll go and get Willie again, and you and I and Willie will have lots of fun with Billy Buttons. We'll go riding in Willie's little yellow cart, and I'm going to get you some bananas and peanuts and candy and lots of cakes with holes in the middle. Won't that be nice?"

"Yeth thir," said Mary, brightening up at the prospect.

"But mind, now," said the doctor, patting the child's head, "you mustn't tell anybody, not even Miss Grace. Do you hear? Now, here's a dime for you to buy some candy, and if anyone asks you where you got it, you just tell them you found it."

"The scoundrel," exclaimed Father Johnson, flaring up, "to teach the child to lie like that."

"The world is full of such scoundrels," said the Missionary, "more's the pity."

The doctor was jubilant, and, after he had brought the child to the alley again and closed the gate, he hurried back and in a few moments was deep in his potations, which, owing to the unexpected stroke of good fortune, were more generous than usual. Still, he exercised enough self-control not to go too far and spoil everything. So, putting a couple of cloves into his mouth to correct the whiskey smell, he made his way back to the Infirmary. After lunch, he dressed with special care, and proceeded, about two o'clock, to the Maloney home. In spite

of her fine breeding, Grace's countenance evinced some surprise on seeing Doctor Gogarty at the door.

"Ah! Miss Grace, I'm glad it's you," said the doctor. "I owe you an apology for calling without an invitation. But the matter is of the greatest importance, concerning your brother Willie and I just waived all ceremony."

"O, Doctor, don't mention it. Come right in. Papa hurried away right after lunch and mamma is in bed, utterly prostrated, with an old heart trouble."

"That's just the reason I'm glad to see you first, because I don't want to be too sanguine. I wouldn't wish to raise your father's or mother's hopes too much. But, I have information which may lead to Willie's recovery."

"Do be seated," said Grace, with one of her most captivating smiles, "if you can show us the way to the rescue of my little brother, you will make us all very happy."

Then, the doctor, with all the eloquence and descriptive power he possessed, told the unsuspecting girl, who listened with her heart in her eyes, the following yarn:

"Last evening, after I had dined, information was brought me, that an old colored man was dying of small-pox, about six miles out on the Brockton place, abandoned by every one on account of the fear of contagion. I felt so bad about it, that a human being, even a black man, should die like that, I felt urged to try and relieve the old fellow. So, although I do not practise outside the Infirmary, I procured a rig and drove out through the darkness. I found things even worse than represented. I worked with the poor darkey for an hour, but he was too far gone, and he died. I gave the poor fellow conditional Baptism. After making arrangements for his burial, I started on my return trip. As I neared the Covered Bridge I noticed a strange touring car standing at the edge of the road, and as I came near, it started and whizzed by me like a bullet, but not so fast that I couldn't make out four men in it, as the moon was now risen. But I'm positive that Willie was not in that car. On going home I went to bed at once, being very tired, and rose late this morning. So, I learned only about ten o'clock of the kidnapping. I am convinced that those men have an accomplice in Ogden Forest and that Willie is somewhere concealed there."

Grace followed the doctor's every word and gesture with intense interest, and it would be hard to tell whether her countenance expressed

more admiration for the doctor's charity and disinterestedness, or hope for Willie's rescue.

"Indeed, Doctor, I think Divine Providence must have brought you to that spot at the psychological moment, for you bring us the most tangible clue we have in regard to Willie's whereabouts. You know a posse started out early this morning to run down the kidnappers, and, of course, we do not know when they will return. I'm sorry papa is not home, because I'm sure this intelligence will buoy up his hopes greatly. As soon as papá comes in, I shall ask him to call on you or 'phone. I'm so grateful for your goodness, and I hope you will find time to often call and see us. You'll be very welcome."

Poor, little, innocent Grace! She not only took the bait, but almost swallowed the hook, line and pole. The doctor went off quite elated, well pleased with himself, and, I'm free to say, that he had made a splendid impression on Grace. The few disparaging remarks she had heard in regard to the doctor had been dispelled as the mist is melted by the rising sun. She quickly ran up to her mother's room and kissed her softly on the forehead.

"Don't worry, mother, you'll soon have your boy again."

Mrs. Maloney lifted her eyes inquiringly.

"Don't ask me, I can't say anything, but there's good news," and Grace ran off to her room and in a few moments she was kneeling before the statue of the Sacred Heart deep in prayer.

Mr. Maloney spent the greater part of the afternoon arranging to raise the ten thousand dollars for the next night. After pouring out her soul in prayer for a while, thanking God for this little ray of hope and begging help, Grace sat rocking to and fro and her thoughts went back to Dr. Gogarty. She could see him going out all alone, in the dark night, at his own expense, without even a thought of recompense or fear of personal danger, working over that poor, abandoned darkey to save his life. That was truly Christ-like. Not one of her young men acquaintances, she feared, would be equal to that—no, not even Karl, for, though generous to a fault, he, still, being a Southerner, had inherited a strong prejudice against "niggers". Then, too, not being baptized, the supernatural ideals were wanting in him. Whereas the doctor, being a Catholic, looked mostly at the soul.

I could see that Father Johnson was getting restive, but, at last, he could contain himself no longer.

"O pots!" he blurted out, "that whining hypocrite ought to be bastinadoed."

As to the doctor, went on the Missionary, apparently not heeding Father Johnson's indignant explosion, he felt so elated over the success of his little scheme, that he made his way to Mike's to celebrate, and as he neared "Gumbo Alley" whom should he meet coming up the street but little Mary vigorously at work on an all-day-sucker, her face and hands smeared with sweetness. She smiled radiantly at the doctor who patted her on the head, and in the exuberance of his good nature, fished up out of his pocket another nickel, saying at the same time:

"Mind, Mary, that you don't say anything about that to anyone, not even Miss Grace, or we'll never have that ride with Billy Buttons."

"No, thir, I won't thay nothin'," said little Mary.

The doctor remained celebrating so long that, when Mr. Maloney called him over the 'phone an hour later, he could not be found at the Infirmary.

"What can have become of Dr. Gogarty," asked Sister Winifrede of Miss Queen, "he has been absent so much of late?"

"I really don't know," replied that lady. "Dr. Lee replaced him this forenoon, but he has been absent the entire afternoon, and, at least a dozen calls have come for him, and one of his patients up stairs needs him sadly."

"We must see about this," said the good sister, a slight frown on her brow, like a ripple on the mirror-like surface of a lake. But the doctor turned up smiling about six o'clock and explained his absence by pleading an emergency call on the river front, which was true.

"True with a vengeance!" exclaimed Father Johnson.

The posse came in about seven and, after carefully looking to their horses, Uncle Stanhope, Patrick, and Karl took supper at Maloney's. Aunt Chloe soon had a steaming hot supper for them, to which they did ample justice. Between great gulps of tea and large mouthfuls of corn-bread, they told, in disjointed sentences, to Mr. Maloney and the girls, the day's adventures. After they were pumped dry Mr. Maloney sprang his little surprise. Rubbing his hands together he said solemnly:

"I have it from reliable authority that Willie is somewhere in Ogden Forest."

"What!" exclaimed Uncle Stanhope excitedly, "from whom did you obtain that information?"

For answer Mr. Maloney went to the 'phone and called up the doctor.

"My dear Doctor," he said, "would it be asking too much of you to come up to my house for a little while?"

"Not at all, not at all," replied the doctor, "at your service, with all my heart. Will be up in a short while."

Then the doctor brushed and primped up, taking a little nip out of a medicine bottle in his office, before starting for the Maloney residence. Little did he expect the inquisition that was awaiting him.

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

NOTE—In the April Liguorian: "Jerry Comes to Grief."

The following letter, written to a Protestant Minister by a fellow Protestant, appeared in the *London Tablet*:

"Where are your credentials to preach at all? How without the Popes and the Church can you prove the canonicity of the Scriptures? How without the Church and with the Scriptures can you prove the doctrine of the Trinity? of the observance of the Lord's day? of infant Baptism, etc., etc.? Of what use are the Scriptures to the thousands of millions who have lived and died, or those now living, who cannot read? What did St. Paul mean when he told Timothy to commit to faithful men what he had taught him, not to commit it to writing, for Timothy never wrote a line that we know of? Where can you obtain any information not contained in the Scriptures, but from the traditions of the Church, which the Apostles told the first Christians to 'hold fast'? How can you 'hold fast' that which you reject? You do not, I believe, deny that the Church of Rome was once the true Church, which Christ declares He will never forsake. When did He forsake it? At what period did He break His word and abandon His Church? Are you sure that He has done so now? Mark the conduct of the Sisters of Mercy and Charity—see the good daily done to the sick and dying by the Clergy of that Church—witness the real sacrifices they have made and hourly make; is that the conduct of a forsaken Church? Compare it with your own. Where are your hospitals, your provision for the orphan, the widow, the heart-broken, the aged?"

Heaven is not gained at a single bound,
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies
 And mount to the summit round by round.
 —*Holland.*

Catholic Anecdotes

A STORY OF THE SCAPULAR.

This happened a little more than a year ago near Newcastle-on-Tyne. One morning I was visiting and at a house the woman came to the door in tears—and was very glad when she saw the Priest. She told me her husband had been injured at work and had just been brought home. I went upstairs to the man and found him in bed supported in various ways. He told me that when he was working in the pit there was suddenly a fall of stone, and before he could do anything he was pinned under its weight. Help came at once from the men working near him but they were not strong enough to lift the stone. At last more help was brought and whilst a number of men held up the stone two dragged him from under it each having hold of one of his legs. His arm was broken—his ribs were broken—no wonder! but the wonder was he lived. I then asked him if he wore the scapular—a smile lit up his face as he said: "Father, I have never gone into the pit without my scapular since the day I started." He then showed me the scapular he had been wearing.

Just another instance of Our Lady's fidelity to her promise made to St. Simon Stock!

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS—A SOLDIER'S DEVOTION.

It was just after the battle at Mons. A private of the Coldstream Guards was lying wounded, suffering from cold and exposure; he was becoming weaker every minute from loss of blood. Everyone around was busy, but those about him were all speaking French of which he knew not a syllable. At last he saw a priest ministering to the wounded, and the poor soldier knew there was a sign which to every Catholic—priest and people alike—did the work of every language—the Sign of the Cross. He waited for a few minutes and as soon as he caught the priest's eye he made the saving sign—and at once the heart of priest and soldier were one. The ambulance was brought—the wounded soldier was taken to the base, and that was the beginning of his restoration.

"WHOSE GOD IS THEIR BELLY."

I was giving a retreat to men in St. Benet's, Sunderland, and I went to see a man who was neglecting every Catholic duty. It was just his dinner time and his dinner was actually before him. After I had pleaded with him and done my utmost, he suddenly pointed to his dinner and said: "Oh that's the main thing—that's the main thing!" How sadly true!

" MY GOD IS MY POCKET."

Another similar answer was given me on such another visit. This time it was a woman, she had hard work indeed, and, as far as this world is concerned, had not much to make life worth living; one would have thought she would make sure of the next life. My efforts to help her were cut short by her saying very sharply: "My God is my pocket!" At any rate she was honest—idolatry is not quite out of date.

A LITTLE THEOLOGIAN.

There was a little girl nearly nine who had not made her first Communion, and I spoke to the child's mother about this. She said the child was too young, etc. I suggested she should give me an opportunity of testing this. So the little girl was brought and I told her I was going to examine her and see how much she knew. Of course she was a little friend of mine and so not a bit nervous or shy. I gave her one question. "What is Holy Communion?" Without hesitation she joined her hands, looked up at me more like an angel than a human being and said: "Father, Holy Communion is Our Lord." What more need she know? Her mother gave way!

The London *Evening Standard* recently published two interesting letters. One, from an English Officer, states that the writer "would rather see our country a German province ten times over than that we should return to Roman Catholicism and idolatry."

The second letter is a reply to the first; it too is written by an English Officer and a Protestant; it reads: "As 'an Officer in His Majesty's service' also—and on active service—may I say how impressed I have been by the extraordinary religion of the people among

whom we are campaigning? I have seized every opportunity of attending churches wherever we have been and of observing the people and their habits. I find everywhere a magnificent piety, a religion which guides and fills out the lives of these people. The French go into the trenches, each with the little medal of our Lady hung round his neck; they pray aloud in action, not in fear as we very well know, but with a high courage and a very great trust. It is my grief that our poor boys have not the same knowledge to lean on, the same precious comfort in the times of their trial and need.

"On All Souls' Day I saw the village Curé come out and bless the graves of our poor lads—the graves, mark, of rough Protestant soldiers decorated with crysanthemums by the villagers. These poor dead were blessed and called 'the faithful departed' and wept over and prayed for so strongly and deeply. I think the women of England—the mothers and sisters and wives of our dead—would have been glad.

"I am not reminded of what Protestants call 'Popery'; here is obviously a people with a full Christianity, a deep piety, a faith infinitely sweet and beautiful and necessary, which we in England have not. There are on roadsides and over doors innumerable shrines and images, but to infer idolatry would be, as Miss Cecilia Loftus writes, utterly 'ignorant and bigoted'.

"What they have seen here will leave its mark on many of our soldiers. My servant, a Wesleyan, an artillery driver, is craving to know more of what he tells me he thinks must be the true faith. It is here daily impressed upon me 'Unless ye become as a little child'."

A young soldier was recently obliged to have his thumb amputated without receiving an anaesthetic. He bore the fearful pain without a groan. After the operation was finished he began to cry. The surgeon was surprised that one who had shown such courage should now give way to a lesser pain. "You mistake the reason," said the soldier, "I am a Priest, and amputation of the thumb means that I can never say Mass again."

Six hundred Irish soldiers were kneeling in prayer. "Boys," said the Chaplain, "Heaven has not bestowed upon me a 'singing voice', and so I want you to start a hymn yourselves. Sing the one you like best." And these big, rough-looking, weather-beaten fighters sang the child's hymn, "Look down, O Mother Mary."

Pointed Paragraphs

LADY DAY.

March 25 is truly our Lady's Day. From this day dates all her glory, for on this day the great God became Man in her most chaste womb. Her supreme dignity brought about no change in her humble mode of life. She went on toiling and praying, serving and consoling, loving God above all things and her neighbor as herself for the love of God. She cast no vote, organized no committee, headed no commission. And yet no mere human being has ever exercised such a powerful influence for good as she. Through nineteen hundred years that influence has extended. The purity of women, the chivalry of men, the sacredness of the home, the dignity of marriage, the love for his mother that burns deep and undying in the heart of every honest man—all are in a great measure due to her.

May it not be that even today, the highest position to which a true woman can aspire, the greatest good which she can accomplish for poor, sinful, suffering humanity, is to copy the hidden life and homely virtues of the Jewish Maiden whom God chose for His Mother?

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF BILLY SUNDAY.

If you mean, What do we think of the man? We think he is sincere; he believes that there is good at his hand to do, and he is trying to do it. If you mean, What do we think of his doctrine? We answer that it falls far short of what God has revealed and commanded every man to believe, if he wishes to be saved. If you mean, What do we think of his influence? We think that it is to some extent beneficial; he induces many to quit sin, at least for a time, though he does not introduce them to the true Church and the life-giving sacraments where they would find encouragement to rise from their future falls and persevere until death. If you mean, What do we think of his popularity? We think it is natural. The human heart longs to hear of God as the orphan child of its long lost father. The Protestant churches have long ceased to preach the true God. They preach a half God, who

has only maudlin pity but no justice. Their congregations have sickened of this enervating food. They flock to Billy Sunday, not because they like to hear of hell, but because they are hungering for knowledge of the true God who possesses every perfection— infinite justice as well as infinite mercy. A heaven of endless bliss where He rewards the innocent or the repentant is expressive of His mercy. A hell of eternal torments where He punishes the stubborn reprobate is proof of His justice.

CHARLES FORGETS CAESAR.

Charles V., who, as Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, was known by the title of Caesar, tells of his experience with a strange Father Confessor. When he had finished his accusation the Priest said: "You have confessed the sins of Charles; now confess the sins of Caesar." By this he meant to say, "You have confessed the sins committed in your private life, but neglected the more serious obligation of confessing the sins committed in your official capacity."

Sad to say, we have no need of going back to the time of Charles V. to find penitents who habitually make these maimed half-Confessions. Charles, the doctor, confesses that Charles forgot to say his daily prayers, but does not confess that the doctor instructed a patient how to break the law of God. Charles, the druggist, confesses that Charles cursed and swore, but fails to state that the druggist sold drugs and instruments to be used for immoral purposes. Charles, the office-holder, confesses that Charles missed Mass, but neglects to accuse himself of fraud at the elections and of accepting bribes afterwards. Charles, the saloon keeper, confesses that Charles ate meat on Friday, but fails to acknowledge that the saloon keeper sold drink to those who were already on the verge of intoxication or who needed the money to buy food for their family. Charlotte, the housewife, confesses that Charlotte was not always lovely and considerate towards her neighbors, but she quite forgets to say that the housewife neglected to have the children say their prayers and get to Mass in time; she forgets to say that the housewife was overbearing towards her servants, gave them insufficient wages, allowed them to corrupt the children, permitted them improper and dangerous company keeping.

How beneficial it would be for such people to remember from time

to time that all these half-Confessions will be completed before the whole world on judgment day!

THE RED TRAIN.

In the present war, wherever cannonading is fiercest, there is seen, plying between the fighting line and the base, a train painted fiery red to distinguish it from every other train. When it passes the bystanders grow silent, and a pained look appears on every face. The doors of the coaches are locked, the windows barred, and the interior of the walls heavily padded. The train comes regularly, filled, packed, with raving maniacs—men driven stark mad by the fearful detonation of bursting shells. Of all the horrors of modern warfare this is perhaps the most repulsive!

The two vices of drunkenness and impurity have for centuries furnished their contingent to the "Red Train". It is true that many of the insane are so without anybody's fault, but it is equally true that a very large per cent of them must lay the blame upon the vice of drunkenness or impurity in themselves or in their parents. They outraged their Godlike faculty of reason to descend below the level of the brute, and they have been deprived of that faculty which they have so shamefully abused. Would to God that all who go on month after month committing these sins, would ponder this terrible truth! If the love of God, if the fear of hell, will not restrain them, they may at least hesitate at the thought of the "Red Train".

ETHICAL TOMMY ROT.

Professor Horace J. Bridges of Chicago, lectured Sunday afternoon, Jan. 31, before the Milwaukee Ethical Society, on St. Augustine's work, "The City of God" (already we feel that we are moving among the high brows). He told his ethical audience that the accepted story of the birth of Our Saviour is a myth. We must not, he assured them, take the Bible as infallible without employing moral judgment. "The judge of what is good or bad must be one's self," he said.

Lift up your ethical heads, ye members of the M. E. S., who listened with dignified complaisance to the all-wise Professor! Ye have now one more proof of the superiority of your own ethical selves over the vulgar, unethical herd. It believes the infallibility of God's Word, the

Holy Bible; ye know that there is but one infallibility, and Professor Horace J. Bridges is its Prophet! The vulgar herd bases its belief on solid reason, history, and the consensus of rational beings; the Professor despises such trivialities; *he* says it, and it must be so. There is no other infallibility left in the world below or heaven above; it is all concentrated in Professor Horace J. Bridges! "The judge of what is good or bad must be one's self." What sound and solid ethical teaching for an Ethical Society! What folly for our criminal courts to attempt to judge whether a man has committed a crime! "The judge of what is right or wrong is one's self." Ask the prisoner at the bar whether he judged his action good or bad, and the case is settled.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE.

We have just received a circular from the National Education Association, offering a prize of \$1,000 for the best essay on "The Essential Place of Religion in Education". We hailed with joy this awakening interest on the part of our leading educators in this most vital of questions. Our joy, however, was doomed to be shortlived. In the next paragraph of the circular we read, "Religion is to be defined in a way not to run counter to the creeds of Protestant, Roman Catholic, or Jew". What does this mean? It means that Religion is to be defined in such a way as professedly to leave it an open question whether Jesus Christ is the Eternal Son of God or a base impostor, whether the Bible is the Word of God or a collection of bare-faced lies, whether the seven sacraments are the means whereby we obtain the graces necessary to salvation or superstitious mummeries. Has Religion, thus defined, *any* essential place in education? Would not the teaching of such a system in our schools inevitably tend to destroy the Religion of Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jew? By what freak of deplorable mental blindness are these educators prevented from seeing that such disregard of revelation is the surest means of hastening that universal indifference to all Religion which they are seeking to avoid?

A spiritualist, who went down with the Titanic, had promised to send from the other world, a letter to his friends. The letter has come; it was published a few weeks ago in the daily press. A rather tardy correspondent, you will say. Don't judge rashly; it was no fault of

his; he tells us that many weeks passed before he realized that he was dead! What proofs that the letter is genuine? How foolish of you to ask! No proofs are needed. It is only when there is question of miracles worked by Almighty God that we ask for proofs, and are not convinced, even when we have, as for instance at Lourdes, the sworn testimony of unimpeachable eyewitnesses and skilful physicians.

In his fatherly solicitude for the poor prisoners of war the Holy Father has issued a decree which prescribes:

- 1) The Most Reverend Bishops of all the dioceses in which there are prisoners of war shall designate immediately one or more Priests, according to necessity, possessing a sufficient knowledge of the prisoners' languages, and, should there be none such in their own dioceses, shall apply to other Most Reverend Bishops, who shall solicitously hasten to supply them.
- 2) These Priests shall with all zeal seek the spiritual and material welfare of the prisoners, doing everything in their power to comfort, assist, and aid them in the various and often painful necessities in which they are.
- 3) Especially the Priests shall ascertain whether the prisoners entrusted to their care have written or in some way sent news of themselves to their families, and if not shall persuade them to do so at once at least by postcards.
- 4) When prisoners are unable, either through illiteracy or sickness or for any other reason to correspond in this way with their families, the Priests themselves shall charitably undertake to do so for them and in their name and at the same time do what they can to ensure the safe delivery of the correspondence.

Perhaps many think—without doubt Old Andy himself thinks—that no private individual has ever done so much for education, peace, and prosperity as has been accomplished by the Carnegie foundations. On the 21st day of this month we celebrate the feast of St. Benedict, the Father of Monasticism in Europe and America, a man to whom all the education, peace, and prosperity that Europe and America have ever enjoyed is largely due. But St. Benedict gave to the cause, not superfluous wealth, but his strength, his life, the supreme efforts of his powerful mind, and the unceasing support of his earnest prayers.

=====	Catholic Events	=====
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The motto of Pius X. was, "To restore all things in Christ;" that of Benedict XV. is, "That the charity of Christ may prevail among men."

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Weddowes, the notorious anti-Catholic lecturer so widely advertised by the Protestant Alliance of England, has been sentenced to five years of penal servitude for immorality.

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On the occasion of his silver Jubilee, Bishop McGolrick of Duluth received a personal gift of \$11,000 from his people. He at once turned over the entire sum to pay off the debt on the orphanage.

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Those who have seen the Holy Father say that none of his photographs do anything like justice to him.

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Mr. Peter Kuntz of Dayton has donated another Chapel Car to the Extension Society. The new car is called "St. Paul"; it is destined for missionary work in the Southern States.

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It is reported that Japan has agreed to send a diplomatic representative to the Vatican.

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Nearly 200 poor persons entered the home of Cardinal Gibbons during the holidays to receive the baskets prepared for them by charitable persons. The Cardinal was there with a kindly word for each applicant.

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With very solemn services the new free school for colored boys erected by the Sisters of the Holy Family in New Orleans was consecrated Jan. 24.

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Arizona Priests are finding it wellnigh impossible to obtain wine for the celebration of Holy Mass since the new and stringent prohibition law went into force in that state.

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Fathers Corcoran and Howard, Fire Chaplains of Newark, N. J., have received a useful gift from leading citizens of the place,—a high power Automobile.

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The Pope will take charge of a large number of children orphaned by the earthquake. He will educate them and teach them trades.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith has distributed \$84,000,000 among the Missionaries of the world during the last 32 years. Catholic Mission work is at present carried on by 15,000 Priests, 5,000 Brothers, and 45,000 Sisters. Until now this grand work has been supported mainly by European Catholics. During and for a long time after the war this help will be in a great measure shut off. Unless American Catholics show themselves unusually generous the Missions will suffer untold harm.

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The Methodist Bishop Burt of Buffalo called a secret meeting in Detroit for the promotion of a secret anti-Catholic society. The Bishop said: "I would gladly give my life to help in the emancipation of 14,000,000 slaves of the Roman Church who are in greater bondage than any Southern negro ever was." We are expecting every moment to hear the 14,000,000 soon-to-be-liberated slaves strike up the refrain, "Lo, the Liberator Comes."

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Among the French prisoners of war at Friedrichsfeld bei Wesel, Germany, are 5 Redemptorists, three of them Priests, one Professed Student, and one Lay Brother. After a few days in the prison camp they learned of each other's presence and formed a little Redemptorist community. They are effecting great good among their 16,000 fellow prisoners.

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The revolutionary government in Mexico has just made a law allowing married people to separate of their own free will in many cases. So this is the slavery under which they were groaning—the unspeakable tyranny of being obliged to remain satisfied with one wife!

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The Knights of Columbus dedicated their new \$90,000 home in Wells, Minn., last month.

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Thanks to the activity of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Menace has been excluded from the Public library at Lakeview, Oregon.

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In the case of Father Rossmann vs. the Menace, the editors of the dirty sheet were found guilty and their nefarious methods were exposed, but the Associated Press agent received orders from the head office in New York to "kill the item". Question: Do we need a daily Catholic press?

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The present Holy Father was once connected with a fraternity of Catholic publishers. Even now he has not forgotten the press. He has just sent a special blessing to the Catholic writers of America together with an appeal that both the Catholic and secular press work for peace.

A prominent Baptist, Mr. Kimball, formerly judge of Texarkana, has entered the Church with his entire family. They were led to study the doctrines of our holy faith by anti-Catholic charges in lectures and newspapers.

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The Eastern Province of the Redemptorist Order in the United States lost three Fathers during the month of February. Father Eugene Miller died at Esopus, N. Y., Feb. 3; Father Pancratius Schmidt at Baltimore on Feb. 4; Father John Leibfritz at Philadelphia on Feb. 16. R. I. P.

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Two hundred and sixty school children competed for the prize offered by the Pioneer Press of St. Paul for the best essay on the significance of Christmas. The winner was a pupil of St. Matthew's German Catholic school.

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The mission conducted by Dominican Fathers in the Bowry last January was attended by 1,450 men.

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Mr. Harbord, a Protestant Minister of Rich Hill, Mo., sent a letter of resignation to his congregation, stating that he had long been satisfied with Protestantism. "Then," he said, "I studied the Catholic Church. I read the Church histories, and I made every investigation a man could. When I understood the religion after six months study I knew that I had found something substantial * * * I am going out into the world and make a living for myself and family at some secular occupation. I have a good general education, and I'm looking for a job."

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The Holy Father has named a "Peace Sunday", Feb. 7, for Europe, March 21, for the rest of the world. He exhorts Priests and people to celebrate the day by prayer and works of mortification and self denial, and all, especially the little children, to receive Holy Communion.

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Bishop Burke of Albany died suddenly of heart disease Jan. 20.

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Bishop Busch has been appointed to the See of St. Cloud, Minn., and Father Brown, S. J., has been made Bishop of El Paso, Texas.

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England reports 7,000 conversions to the Church during the past year, and several dioceses have not yet been heard from.

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Cardinal Mercier's uncle, Monsignor Cloquet, was for 50 years a Missionary to the Indians in Oregon.

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It is reported that four Japanese Nuns have just arrived in Los Angeles to work in the Catholic Japanese Settlement in that city.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to Rev. P. Geiermann, C. Ss. R., Oconomowoc, Wis.)

A friend assures me he will turn if I can show him that the Catholic Church is infallible? What shall I do to enlighten him?

Induce him to pray for light and guidance, provide him with a catechism, and take him to your Pastor for a course of religious instruction.

I could keep the fasts of the Church if only I could drink during the day.

The fasts prescribed by the Church oblige us to abstain from food at certain hours but not from drink, provided the drink is not a food, like milk.

May I have my deceased sister's rosary blessed for my own use and gain the indulgences? How about her prayer-book?

You must have your deceased sister's rosary blessed for yourself if you wish to gain any indulgences by using it. Prayer-books may be blessed for general use, like holy water, palms, candles and ashes, but the Church does not enrich the use of prayer-books with indulgences.

What do you think of Catholic ladies and gentlemen of marriageable age advertising for partners in matrimonial bureaus?

Matrimonial bureaus are a development of our modern commercial life. Patronizing them may be regarded from an ethical and a business standpoint. There is no wrong in using this means of becoming acquainted so long as no fraud is practised. As a business venture they are so universally regarded as a failure that only adventurers and weak-minded persons ever think of patronizing a public matrimonial agency.

It is different, however, when conducted through the pastor as a part of parochial life. In this way the evils are eliminated, and many reputable men and women, personally known to the pastor, may be brought together, who otherwise might not have the chance to get acquainted.

Will you kindly tell me what is essential in the Scapular Devotion?

Four things are essential in the Scapular Devotion; the Blessing of the Scapular, the Investiture with the Scapular, the Admission of the new member

into the confraternity, and the Practice of the Devotion of the Scapular. In each of these four essentials we must distinguish a material and a formal element of which it is constituted. Let us consider each in detail.

I. *The Blessing of the Scapular.* The material requisite in the Scapular consists of two oblong pieces of woven, woolen cloth of proper size and color and united by two strings, or a medal of any shape or material, having a picture of our Saviour manifesting His Sacred Heart on one side and any picture of our Blessed Lady on the other side. The formal part of the blessing is the actual ceremony of withdrawing this material from profane use and devoting it to a religious purpose. It must be performed by a duly authorized priest according to the formula prescribed for him by the Church.

II. *The Investiture with the Scapular.* The material part of the investiture consists in the act whereby the priest lays the blessed scapular on the shoulders of those who have presented themselves to join the Confraternity. The formal part consists in the pronouncing of the prescribed formula of investiture by the priest. Let it be remarked here that, as in the administration of the sacraments, there must be a moral union between the act of investiture and the pronouncing of the words.

III. *The Admission into the Confraternity.* The material part of the admission of new members into the Confraternity consists in the inscribing of the names of the new members in the record kept in the place where the Confraternity is canonically established. Since the publication of the decree on this subject, dated April, 1914, this inscribing of the names is no longer essential. The formal part of the admission of new members consists in the pronouncing of the prescribed formula of admission by the priest.

IV. *The Devotion of the Scapulars.* The material part of the devotion of the scapular consists in the continuous wearing of the scapular or of the scapular medal. If the scapular is used it must be worn over the shoulders in

such a way that one part rests on the breast and the other on the back. If the scapular medal is preferred it may be worn on a string around the neck or in any other devout way. The formal part of this devotion consists in the resolution of wearing the scapular as a badge of love and personal consecration to our Blessed Lady.

V. Remarks. 1. As these essential parts are really distinct from one another they need not take place in close succession. For example, the scapular may be blessed one day, the applicant invested on a second day, received into the Confraternity on the third, and only begin to wear the scapular or scapular medal on the fourth day. 2. In an emergency the priest may use one blessed scapular to invest many applicants. If he has only the ordinary faculties of investing he must repeat the formula of investiture for each one; but, if he has the faculties granted to the Redemptorists and to some other missionaries, he may, it seems, place the scapular on the shoulders of the different applicants in succession, and then pronounce the formula of investiture in the plural for all. 3. Where persons have been invested in this way it is prescribed for the licitness if not for the validity of the devotion that the *first* scapular, which an individual may wear after his investiture, be blessed by a priest who has the faculties of investing with that scapular. 4. Every scapular medal must be blessed before it can take the place of the Scapulars. These medals may be blessed in quantities and distributed among the faithful. As soon as a person has been invested and received into the Confraternity he may begin to wear the scapular medal and share in all the privileges of the devotion without ever actually wearing the scapulars themselves.

Is it a sin to play cards? One of our neighbors says they were invented by the devil, but mama encourages us to play cards at times to keep us at home.

A game of cards is a very innocent recreation in itself and your mother does well in encouraging it as a means of promoting home life. But as everything may be abused we need not wonder that cards have been the occasion for squandering valuable time, for gambling, and for heated altercation. This may be the reason why your pharisaical neighbor ascribed their ori-

gin to Satan. The use of playing cards dates back to very remote times, and of all the games invented for man's diversion, it is one of the most innocent.

In his sermon last Sunday our pastor said that no one can become Christlike without making sacrifices. Now, I have a happy home but make no sacrifices, though I try to practice my religion conscientiously.

Your pastor merely referred to the necessity of observing the law of self-denial which our Savior promulgated when He said: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Matt. 16, 25. At present you are unconsciously making the sacrifices God demands of you. At present too you have health and are living in congenial surroundings. But if you are ever to attain a high place in heaven you will have to suffer the loss of relatives and friends, of health and spiritual consolations, and perhaps be misunderstood and falsely accused even as your divine Master was. Yes, the way of the cross, when generously entered upon and patiently pursued, not only saves us from the delusions of pride and self-love, but makes us Christlike indeed. Blessed then are they who prepare themselves for the crosses which Providence will send them by faithfully making those daily sacrifices which their state in life demands of them. If all would do this, as you are doing now, there would be more peace, concord, and charity in the world today.

We often have a friendly discussion with a neighbor. Among other things he said the other evening that Apostolicity was no sign of the true Church because both paganism and Judaism came down from the days of the Apostles.

To be a mark of the true Church it is not sufficient that an institution comes down from the days of the Apostles. It must come down from the Apostles themselves. Now the Apostles professed neither paganism nor Judaism, but labored and died in making Christ known and loved by all mankind. As the pillars of a religious organization that existed from their day to the present time they evidently could be claimed only by the Catholic Church. Your neighbor seems more clever than sincere in his discussion of religious questions.

Some Good Books

Memoirs of Zi Pré by Bishop Dunn is the narration in story form of the experiences of "Zi Pré", pastor of the déu Angelo Custode, an Italian parish in Chicago. The narrative is not only interesting, but it is very instructive. The apostacy of Antonio is balanced by the zeal of Pasqualino. Besides being a story it is a nice summary of Catholic doctrine. Herder, price, paper, 25c; bound, 50c.

Rambles in Catholic Lands by Michael Barrett, O. S. B., is a kind of diary of the author's travels through Germany, Switzerland, Austria and Italy. His reminiscences remind us of the time when Europe was so changed by Benedictine civilization. His descriptions are very interesting and are aided by excellent illustrations. Benziger Bros. Price, \$2.00.

Christ and the Powers of Darkness by Mr. J. G. Raupert furnishes a strong argument for the presence of greater activity of Satan among us than most people are ready to believe. It makes due allowance for fraud and trickery and still leaves plenty of room for demoniacal agencies. The reading of the book will be most valuable to those curious-minded who are inclined to experiment with those enticing phenomena. Herder. Price, \$1.00.

Our Failings by Rev. Sebastian van Oer, O. S. B., has been translated by Countess Alfred von Bothmar. It is a book that cannot have too wide a circulation. The all-pervading spirit of kindness and calm which the author puts into his writing is a quality that all Christians should be possessed of. So many of the more hidden sources of our failings are touched on, so many of those little oddities which irritate others, are handled so kindly that we feel sure that the good Benedictine "examined his conscience" a long time before he discovered them all. While insisting that "we should always be lenient in our judgment of the failings of our neighbor" he suggests that we purify ourselves of, at least, a great deal of our short-comings by a willing cooperation with God's grace. The book is published by Herder. Price, \$1.00.

Yourself and the Neighbors by Seumas MacManus (The Devin-Adair Co., New York, price, \$1.25) and *Round*

about Home by Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. (Ave Maria Press, price \$1.00), are two books of stories of Irish life. The first is a book that is meant to picture the more humorous side of Irish life. In this Mr. MacManus has succeeded. The second book, however, while it does not lack humor is done with that gentle touch of sympathy which endears to one the people and the places described and the person who describes them. *Round about Home* "is made up of scenes and memories, scenes from places I know; memories from places I love." To get a book of fresh stories of Irish scenes which the author *knows* and of memories which he *loves* is so refreshing and such a relief from the hodge podge of caricatures by persons who do not know and who do not love.

The Parting of the Ways by Florence Gilmore is a novel which portrays in an excellent manner the true qualities of a solid character. Bob who appeared weak shows himself possessed of rare firmness when life's big trial awaits him, while Dave in like circumstances yields to temptation. The characters are well drawn. Herder. Price, 75c.

The Book of Red and Yellow. Being a Story of Blood and a Yellow Streak. By Rev. Francis Clement Kelly. Most of our Catholic readers have, at least, some idea of the "story of Blood" but they will not find, perhaps, a better portrayal of the horrors done in a more calm and judicial manner. What the public generally is less informed of is the "Yellow Streak", the trail of the coward. It will be surprising news to many to find that our government was represented in Mexico, by so irresponsible a person as Mr. Lind whose report, as Father Kelley shows, is positively worthless, at least the historical part, 1st, because it is not Mr. Lind's own—but copied from the *Encyclopedie Britannica* of 1888; and 2nd, because it is not true. The whole booklet of 93 pages is illuminating and Catholics who desire to be reliably informed of affairs in Mexico should procure copies for themselves. It is published by The Catholic Church Extension Society, Chicago. Price, 15c a copy; 10 copies for \$1.00; one hundred copies, \$6.00.

Lucid Intervals

"What's the matter with the glass eater?"

"He ate a couple of windows last evening, and I think he must have a pane in his stomach."

"Here, Alfred, is an apple. Divide it politely with your little sister."

"How shall I divide it politely, mamma?"

"Why, always give the larger part to the other person, my child."

Alfred thought a moment, then handed the apple to his little sister, saying, "Here, Sis, you divide it."

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I think there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," said the young man in great embarrassment, "there is, but I'm going to pay it off tomorrow."

Billy, aged, four, often called on his nearest neighbor, Mrs. Brown, who petted him a great deal, and usually gave him a couple of her nice cookies. And if she happened to forget to pass them out he sometimes reminded her of it.

His father learned of this and chided him for begging, and told him he must not do so any more. Last year, just before Christmas, Billy came home with cooky crumbs in evidence.

"Have you been begging cookies from Mrs. Brown again?" asked his father, rather sternly.

"No!" said Billy. "I didn't beg for any. I just said this house smells as if it was full of cookies, but what's that to me?"

"Oh, George, before you get your razor I must tell you that I—I borrowed it yesterday."

"What, again?"
"Y-yes. I had to do some ripping. But it's just as good as ever. You'll never notice the difference. I sharpened it on the stovepipe."

A woman went to the police station to inquire about her missing husband. "What is his distinguishing feature?"

asked the superintendent. "A large Roman nose," she answered. "Then he won't be found," emphatically exclaimed a policeman, "for a nose of that kind never turns up."

The latest Boston story is about a small child who fell out of a window. A kind-hearted lady came hurrying up with the anxious question, "Dear, dear! How did you fall?"

The child looked up at the questioner and replied, in a voice choked with sobs, "Vertically, ma'am."

In Huron, a hewer, Hugh Hughes, Hewed yew-trees of unusual hues.

Hugh Hughes used blue yews
To build sheds for his ewes;
So his ewes a blue-hued yew-shed use.

"My dear, did you make this Christmas pudding out of the cookery book?"

"Yes, love."

"Well, I thought I tasted one of the covers."

The editor of the Evening Star was deeply engrossed in his work when he was suddenly interrupted by the office boy, who remarked:

"There's a tramp at the door, Mr. Hyde, and he says he ain't had nothin' to eat for six days."

"Fetch him in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it, we can run the paper for another week."

"Are you as perfect physically as you seem to be?" he asked.

"Certainly!" she replied.

"Has there ever been any insanity in your family?"

"Never!"

"Have you a depraved taste of any kind?"

"Certainly not."

"Are your teeth in good condition and do you see and hear perfectly?"

"Yes."

"Are you ever bothered by insomnia or headache or indigestion?"

"Not at all."

"Thank heaven. Now, let's make love a little while."